

**The
Southampton
University
College
Magazine**

• Vol. XXI. No. 53

Summer Term, 1921

JAMES COMPTON,

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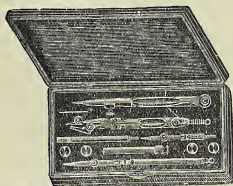
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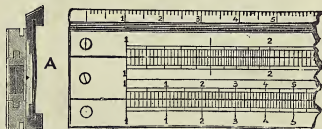


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Summer Term, 1921.

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<i>Editor</i> —MR. R. E. TAYLOR.	<i>Sub-Editor</i> —MR. C. F. DINGLE.
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All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the EDITOR, and should be signed. Articles are printed, either under any selected pseudonym, or under the initials of the writer.

All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS or SUBSCRIPTIONS should be addressed to the SECRETARY of the Magazine, University College, Southampton.

The Southampton University College Magazine.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The last number of the Magazine welcomed the newcomers. This one, only a month or two after it, bids good-bye to all the "old stagers" who are soon to leave College. May all success attend them!

It will be noticed that one or two Societies' Reports speak very plainly of a lack of support—of an absence of College spirit. We cannot say they speak unjustly. There certainly is a certain "rawness" about our communal life, in place of the "wholeness" which should be there. Yet we do not find any but the best intentions among the great majority of the members of College. Taking with a grain of salt the poet's dictum that . . . "good intentions pave the way that no one mentions," we seek for some reason for the failure of good intentions to be realised. Can it be that our heterogeneous assortment of buildings imposes a sense of incompleteness on us? If so, South Stoneham House is a big step towards removing our disability. But perhaps the spirit of the times, with its unrest and mutual distrust cannot be altogether excluded. We cannot take up a newspaper in the Common Room without finding, day by day, new crises arising from industrial and civil commotion; and when we find a notice on our board requesting Education students to do the profession a service by avoiding posts in Southampton for the present, we feel that the disturbance is coming very near!

Still, College life has a unity even though the times are out of joint. Those who go down take with them many pleasant memories, to be renewed in after years—none pleasanter than those of services done to the body of the College in some social activity. There have been times of hard work, times of hard play, and times of idleness. Yes, there must be *some* idle moments—or how would the College desks become decorated so charmingly with commemorative initials and flippant remarks? Let us return, even when we have recorded our worth in far better

ways, to view our handiwork again, and keep in close association with those who shared our pleasures and cares.

The College sincerely regrets the loss of Mr. W. S. Mackie, M.A., who goes to a professorship of English at Cape Town. Our hearty good wishes go with him.

Acknowledged with thanks:

TAMESIS,

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, MAGAZINE



LAPSUS LINGUAE.

(Let us suffer absurdities, for that is only to suffer one another—Hilaire Belloc.).

The sea-anemone is like a star-fish—the same shape as a reel of cotton.

Mr. Mew.

We hope all who come will wear a costume of some sort.

Mr. Hughes.

Men like Mr. M-w, Miss St-c-, and Miss Pr-v-tt.

Mr. Dudley.

It is certainly the best—it is probably unsurpassed.

Miss Miller.

Uneasy lies the crown that wears a head.

Miss Absalom.

Miss A--r-y has been summoned for not wearing a dog-collar.

Miss Bird.

Mr. B--n-e-l's boil was too bad to come to College this morning.

Miss Bird.

Show me your middle thumb.

Miss Sears.

Is a young calf a cow?

Miss Sears.

"Isotherm" is a term in geology.

Mr. Mackie.

Make a wobbly bee line.

Prof. Lyttel.

You'll find it difficult to explain to the child that $\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{4}$ equals $\frac{1}{8}$.

Mr. Dudley.

Find the depth of the Atlantic 5 miles deep.

Miss Trout.

This is similar but quite different.

Mr. Forsey.

We must put the key in a hiding-place which everybody will know.

Miss Aubrey.

There would be no trouble in the world if all the diamonds vanished into thin air to-morrow.

Miss Miller.

Gordon Boys are those little chaps who wear caps that run round doing odd jobs.

A fair 'Ostelite.

Jonson left his "Discoveries" behind him when he died.

Prof. Margoliouth.

Bacon's "New Atlantis" was written after his death.

Prof. Margoliouth.

These exercises are temporarily permanent.

Mr. Collins.

He reads music with a pipe.

Prof. Cuck.

Males are divided into "men" and "women."

Mr. Dudley.

You know—the deaf and dumb man who sings!

Miss Munday.

QUOTATIONS APROPOS.

THE BANQUET.

"The guests are met, the feast is set,
May'st hear the merry din."

Coleridge.

MILTON ON U.C.S. TENNIS.

"They also *serve* who only stand and wait."

Milton.

M.C.R. BAPTISM.

"Yet must you change your name."

Tennyson.

COLL. BOXING MISFORTUNES.

"There's many a black, black eye, they say
But none so bright as mine."

Tennyson.

THE PEACEFUL REFEC.

"Chocolate, tea and coffee are liquors of peace,
No quarrels or oaths are among those who drink 'em."

Marvell.

RE-UNION.

"What should delight me like the news of friends
Whose memories were a solace to me oft?"

Browning.

EXPLAINING AN ABSENCE.

"I will a round, unvarnish'd tale deliver."

Shakespeare.

"BARGING" IN TERMINALS.

"I have no more to say, but linger still,
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet;
And yet I may as well the task fulfil."

Byron.

"ON THE CARPET."

" they, distill'd
Almost to a jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him."

Shakespeare.

PSYCHOLOGY.

"Dim glimpses into the obvious."

A Contemporary.

"Metaphysics are let loose in lectures."

Byron.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

WHETHER Mr. D-n-l- still thinks Henry VIII. "a jolly old chap?"

IF Mr. St-n- has consulted his solicitor concerning Marcel waving?

WHY Mr. J-ll- was so jubilant at the Eastleigh Dance?

WHETHER Mr. J-nk-n- has chosen Charles Derby or Sidney Carter as the hero of "Two Cities?"

WHO was the student during whose school practice a member of the class passed the following note to a chum:
"Hope we have as much sport next Friday as we had to-day?"

AND whether Prof. C—k doesn't look remarkably youthful? A schoolboy recently referred to him as "the other student."

IF the Inter Arts class still thinks it is undignified for fishes to "tipple in the deep?" (Col. Lovelace).

WHETHER it isn't really delightful to be addressed in playful and affectionate terms by lady lecturers? Thus one lady (to a number of ex-service men): "You poor dears!" and another (to a delinquent damsel): "Oh, you naughty Miss G--b!"

IF Mr. Fr-n-i- has bought a razor yet?

IF Mr. E-a-s has given up athletics, and is devoting his spare time to "higher things?"

How far the milk diet of the Engineers in the Refec. contributed to their success on Sports Day?

IF Mr. D-d-e- wouldn't make a good H.M.I.?

WHAT brand. of chewing-gum Mr. H--g-g- found so irresistible that he couldn't stop chewing, even while receiving his prizes?

IF Mr. C-n--l-y's hat isn't reminiscent of the sea-side: spade and bucket?

IF "Student Worrying Over Terminals" isn't a true definition of S.W.O.T.?

DOES Mr. D-dl-y use real eggs for egg-and-spoon races?

THE name of the student who read "Kidnapped" for "Handicapped," and who accordingly interpreted a tennis notice thus: "Gentlemen choose their partners, and they will be kidnapped accordingly."

IF Miss M--n is fond of cats, and has had some live specimens sent her?

IF the Board of Studies was formed so that the lecturers might have the pleasure of seeing *certain* students *once* before they went down?

WHO owns the name "Woffler" at the Men's Hostel?

WHERE and how "Ernest" lost his ring? Poor chap!

WHETHER "William" has returned from Bath? And wasn't it rather in record time?

WHO is "Marie?" Could "W. H. Smith and Sons." give any enlightenment?

WHETHER "Molly" is the local name for "gorse?"

IF "John" has taken up "Aeronautics?" And has he learned it from "Shep"?

IF Mr. J-ll- is still keen on bowl(e)s?

IF we are to expect any further developments from the "clandestine" meetings of Mr. S-nd-s and "L-na"?

WHO is the fickle youth who thinks that "variety is the spice of life?"



VERSE

"PETER'S POST'S AT PERNAMBUCO."

"Peter's post's at Pernambuco"—
That is what I heard the man say
Who sat next me in the carriage,
In the jolty railway carriage
Of the 'train that went puff-puffy.
Heard him say it to his comrade,
Comrade clad in sporting knickers.
Don't suppose the comrade spotted
He was talking Hiawathan,
But I thought it very pretty.
"Peter's post's at Pernambuco";
Quite the proper place for Peter,
Peters should be Pernambucan.
If you ask me where the place is,
Then I really cannot tell you,
But that's quite a minor matter.
Soon the train began to clank it:
"Peter's post's at Pernambuco,"

Till I got out at the station,
 At a rather dirty station
 Where the porters want your ticket—
 Ticket made of coloured cardboard.
 Then I found the thing obsessed me,
 So I sang it to my people
 Till my people didn't like it,
 Even said they didn't like it,
 Backed their statement up by swearing.
 (Funny thing they didn't like it!)
 Told them it was a specific
 For all maladies terrific,
 Praised it as a scientific,
 Remedy most soporific.
 (Now I've gone and put a rhyme in,
 Longfellow would never do it—
 No, of course he wouldn't do it).
 Still my people didn't like it,
 And the blighters turned me out of
 Our hereditary mansion.
 So I sang it to the moon-rays,
 Tickled moon-rays up immensely,
 And I sang it to the birdies,
 Sang it in my favourite hymn-tunes
 Till the birdies twittered madly:
 "Peter's post's at Pernambuco."
 Then I tried primeval forests,
 Cooing it in dreamy waltzes,
 Forests at their most primeval.
 (Jolly things—primeval forests).
 And they liked to hear of Peter,
 Whose address is Pernambuco.
 Margarets remain at Margate,
 Let all Lucies live at Lucan,
 Peters should be Pernambucan—

P.

(The remaining 200 lines are omitted, as they are slightly
 tautological.—Ed.).

ANDREA DEL GRAMMARIANO.

(An Italian organ-grinder in an English street).
 But do not let us quarrel any more,
 No my Lucrezia, here's the appropriate place,
 Where yonder lime-tree throws across the street

Blessed relief from plaguy gnats and flies
 Fierce as a dragon in this vulgar thorpe!
 There rest you. Trade is bad to-day. You seem
 Disturbed at something—what has worried you?
 (Oh, let the organ stay; and, for Jacko—
 He'll roam a little, but will sure come back, oh
 Yes, bringing some uncouth relic from the way,
 Chattering upon some motor-bike's shed nut—
 Dropped as before the blast of autumn wind!)
 Our son and heir, too, will return anon,
 Grubby, perhaps tearful, certainly forlorn,
 And penniless. (You start at "penniless!")
 Alas! I'm sure of it! There are far too many
 Chocolate machines along the front
 To leave him with a cent—the greedy oaf!
 You turn your face—still dreaming? (Ah, you're now
 Self-gathered for an outbreak. Heavenly powers!
 I know her temper—how to pacify?)
 Yes? Soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst?
 You look it, my Lucrezia. So am I.
 The day grows warmer, I no slenderer
 With years. Come, my love, 'tis nearly opening-time.

C.A.

(The above is guaranteed by the writer unintelligible to
 all except experts in Browningsese).

SONNET: ON FIRST LOOKING INTO KEATS'
 "ISABELLA."

Keats says Lorenzo in a wood was slain,
 And tender Isabella mourned him sore,
 Retrieved his sever'd head, grew basil o'er
 Its dear decay, and wept the heavy train
 Of days in cherish'd, solitary pain.
 Oh! high perversity of ancient lore!
 Her merchant brothers shed her lover's gore
 Through pride! Imagine for this doleful strain
 A brighter close: the victim's life reprieve,
 The villains hang: their sister as the heir
 Assumes their commerce; and, (instead of grief)
 In love's contentment sells across the bar
 Soap, candles, peppermints, and bully-beef,
 Pickles: "We charge you twopence on the jar!"

R. E. T.

PREVAILING WINDS.

Of the numerous succinct idioms which are surreptitiously slinking into the colloquial English of to-day, few are better known or more often employed than that expressive phrase: "to have the wind up." (Gentler persons employ the term "breeze" for "wind.") There is, however, but one section of an academic community which can really appreciate the full significance and hidden depth of meaning in this phrase—the intelligent reader will have already opined that we allude to the chemists of the College.

For, gentle fellow-student, is not at least one-third of the subject matter of Chemistry concerned with that vastly important state of aggregation of matter which is referred to as gaseous? It need hardly be pointed out that the realm of the student of Arts is the unsensed æther of the poet and sage; while even the physicist objects to draughts—they upset his balance. To these there is but one wind, that which "bloweth where it listeth"; but the world of the chemist is distended with innumerable winds of every conceivable fragrance. The breath from the mouth of Nature bloweth continually upon him.

Yet the psychological import of the terse phrase "to have the wind up" is even more relevant to him. His is no "cool, sequestered vale" of life. For him the winds may blow fragrance—or they may blow death! He lieth in the lap of the zephyrs, perchance to be lulled to sleep with insidious, mocking perfumes. For he realises that each time he enters the sanctum of the molecules may be the last. The thought of the precariousness of his existence here is ever exciting his mind to reactions in the gaseous phrase to which we have already referred.

Sometimes he may even *imagine* a characteristic odour reminiscent of almonds . . . as when two of our stalwarts were recently preparing the acid which is known to us as hydrocyanic, to the vulgar uninitiated as prussic. The atmosphere of the laboratory was tense . . . people spoke in undertones . . . one closed door was labelled in blue pencil

DANGER!

The fear of conversion to cyanide obsessed the soul. And in a small stoppered vial, in that Holy of Holies known as the stink closet were those three drops of volatility of death, which seemed to yearn for the souls of men! The wind blew with ever increasing acceleration in the breasts

of those who held their own lives, and those of every member of the College, in the skill of their hands to prevent the escape of those almond fumes. Such is the atmosphere of Chemistry! Small wonder, then, that the prevalent weather-conditions of the chemist are cyclonic.

Let those whose courses tend more to the leeward of life look with sympathy on his ruffled locks and distracted bearing. Perchance they also may regard what has been rudely called "the Science of Stinks" with respect akin to admiration when they remember that is also the science of the great vaults whence the winds of heaven blow upon the souls of men!

BEN ZALDEHYDE.



REFECTORY REFLECTIONS.

The Refectory is the meeting-place of all sorts, sizes and conditions of people. If only the tables and chairs, not to mention the stoves, could tell their stories!

At 9 a.m. the Ref. is indeed a desolate place. Hard-working females set to, trying to repair the ravages of the previous day.

Before 10 a.m. visitors to the Ref. seem very scarce, but sometimes a few people steer their courses to its ever open door. One wonders if they were too late to breakfast before they reached Coll.

But on Mondays and Fridays, at 10 minutes to 11! If students hurried to Coll. as they tear to the Ref., then indeed lecturers would have to set their alarms to go off earlier. Break day, bun day! From the far corners of the earth they come, in never-ending line! From the far end a crowd of Engineers rush in, their faces beaming as the schoolboy's does, when he is released from work. From this end the Normals enter with a slightly more dignified air—at least, the ladies do. And in the kitchen! Three red-faced ladies running to and fro, to execute the orders of the bun-seekers. Here a lanky male pushes his way in, and tries feeble jokes on the lady at the counter. There an undersized lady squeezes between the legs and under the elbows of various people, and says in a shrill tone: "Eight teas, please. Two without sugah." Toes are squashed and tempers are ruffled.

At 10 minutes past 11 the manly Engineers troop out, the tea-drinking ladies flutter away, and only a few stragglers are left. Who are they? Have they no lectures, you ask? Oh, yes; but these are wisdom-seeking people who sit in

twos, discussing psychology, gazing into each other's eyes, the more clearly to follow the arguments and deductions of that never-ending subject. Suddenly they become aware of the fact that break has been over for ten minutes. Off they go, he to his Statics or Dynamics, she to her Nunn, blaming their mutual interest in psychology for their lateness

One o'clock! Dinner-time! What a stampede! A long queue of men take up their stand—a few modest females in the rear. Money is paid before you have your dinner, and if you wish for bread, just one penny extra. The first man decides to have boiled beef and carrots in preference to marcaroni cheese. While he waits, a terrible chatter commences and eight more young ladies enter and make their way to the *front* of the queue. Ah! his dinner is coming. He struggles to get his hand from his pocket, succeeding, only to find that the first of the eight has his dinner. A second plate—yes, that is his! no—seven plates more pass him by, and then he obtains his dinner. Unobserved by companions in like situations, he struggles manfully to cut his meat with a knife possessing a square edge. A sudden lull denotes that everyone is at a like occupation.

Here comes the pudding! What a scramble! Numerous chairs scrape the floor and as many people rush to the counter to get stewed fruit and custard. Ere this is finished, sad hungry-looking men from "across the road" come in, and devour buns and chocolate to the accompaniment of tea or coffee. And after the fruit—have they finished? No, they bombard the kitchen for ices. In her haste, the lady presiding at the tub slips on a tin and sits in an elegant posture on the floor.

The Ref. is left almost desolate in the afternoons, until about 4 o'clock. Here comes a troop of red-faced, shiny-nosed, untidy-looking people, clothed in white which has a gorgeous tinting of a brick-dust colour. These are the tennis players. Behind them come more, similarly clothed, but whose dresses are disfigured by an all-over colouring of black. These presumably have been acting Cinderella on the cinder patch.

The Ref. is besieged till closing times, and then a keen observer may see a few weary ones crawl up, try the door, and murmur faintly: "Too late!"

And so it goes on, day after day, week after week, and year after year.

OBSERVER.

"THE PLAY WAY."

Dramatis Personnæ: Miss Euphemia Fræbel—classified in the Normal Department of her College as a promising teacher with a googlie action who will benefit by experience. She is the brisk type whose manner is reminiscent of a revivalist preacher with a dash of auctioneer and just a soupçon of the Chelsea drill-Sergeant.

A Class of mixed Infants.

SCENE (omitted by request of the Editor).

TEACHER (*Brisk and vivacious*).—"Now children. Eyes on teacher! on floor! on ceiling! on teacher! (*Pause*). Hands on shoulders! up! out! on shoulders! a---way! Now, I want every child to think. Teacher is waiting till every child is thinking. Tommy Titmouse! you are not thinking. Bessie Buggins is thinking be---autifully. Such a good girl, Bessie!" (*The 50 mixed victims restrain their breathing and adopt the laud expression regarded in the elementary school as symptomatic of profound cogitation*). "Now when teacher sees that everyone is thinking she will go on. (*Pause*). First of all, who would like to play a love---ly game?" (*A look of bored resignation comes into the faces of the 50 mixed. Tommy Titmouse, an old stager of 7 years, who has weathered the pedagogic tempests of many generations of Miss Froebels, remarks audibly: "There now, I knowed it was goin' to be a blinkin' gime as soon as I seed her fice—them sort of stoddents allus wants to ply gimes."*) "Hush Tommy! but first I want you to tell me—you have had dinner, haven't you?—what do you do when you get your dinner?"

FIRST CHILD.—"Please, teacher, yer eats it."

SECOND CHILD.—"Please teacher, say thank you, teacher."

THIRD CHILD.—"Please teacher, we 'ad 'ash."

FOURTH CHILD (*crescendo*).—"We 'ad sausage and mash."

TEACHER.—"Silence! Hands down! Hands a---way! Now one little boy says he ate his dinner. Now what did he eat it with?"

FIFTH CHILD.—“Wif his mouf, teacher.”

SIXTH CHILD.—“Wif his knife, teacher.”

TEACHER (*throwing up shocked hands, and rolling horrified orbs heavenwards*) “Oh, Gladys, not with his knife! Nice people don’t eat with their knife.”

BILLY BUGGINS (*dogmatically*).—“My farver does.”

TEACHER (*avoiding thin ice*).—“Well now, what do you do with your dinner when you put it in your mouth? Well, Minnie, Maggotts?”

MINNIE.—“Please teacher, it falls down inside of yer.”

SEVENTH CHILD.—“Please teacher, yer swallows it.”

TEACHER (*with a breath of relief at the sight of her “introduction” in view*).—“G-o-o-d little girl! Yes, you swallow it. Now we are going to have oh such a be-au-tiful game about a little bird called a-a- (*crossly*) come now, you must know, a s-w-allow. Hands up! All who have ever seen a swallow. Dear me, this is very bad, you must all have seen swallows. I asked you (*with gentle irony*), who has ever seen a swallow? (*Pause*). Now, children, teacher is going to say that all, over again: WHO—HAS—EVER—SEEN—A—SWALLOW? (*No response*). Very well then, all who have’nt seen swallows must stop in during play-time. “You” (*she swoops on a meek infant*) “Yes, you, haven’t you ever seen a swallow?”

MEEK INFANT (*half dead with fright*).—“Yes, teacher.”

TEACHER (*visibly relieved*).—“Good Girl, Gwyneth, of course you have—Well now, listen!” (*She adopts the sentimental, “How-Gertrude-teaches-her-children,” sort of voice, used by infant teachers when handing out the sob-stuff*). “When the beautiful spring comes, and the cold—cold days go, the pretty little swallows come skimming along like this.” (*She rushes forward with neck outstretched and arms extended, stumbles over a form and comes full-length on the floor amid ecstatic shrieks from the infants, and cries of “Do it again, Miss!”*) “Silence! I am ashamed of you. Hands up! on shoulders! out! up! a---way!” (*Resumes the*

voix celeste stop). "And they come skimming to tell you and me that there will not be any more cold snow and——" (*briskly*) "Joe Jupps! bring that here at once!" (*Joe stumbles forward and surrenders with the sweet resigned expression of a Christian martyr, the corpse of a young rat which he has just acquired by the barter of two glass marbles and the works of a broken watch*). "You disgusting little boy, go and throw that out of the window at once, and then stand with your face to the wall." (*The tremulo stop*.) "And the dear little swallows come to tell us that summer is near, and the sweet little flowers peep up their tiny heads so shyly"—(*resuming her briskness*) "Now, all together, make the flowers peep up their heads through your hands—like this—Pe—ep! Hands a—way! And the swallows twitter, twitter like this:" (*makes weird rook-like noises in her throat*) "Now all together—class . . . twitter!" (*horrible uproar from class*). "Now—hush!" (*Claps her hands frantically, and cuffs half a dozen of the more persistent twitters*). "Hands a—way! Now who would like to be swallows? Silence! Hands down! How can I have swallows who won't sit still? Vera Bloggs, you are sitting be-au-tifully, Vera can be a swallow." (*The class affect the port of pouter-pigeons and swell with aggressive virtue*). "And you, and you, and you, and the five in the back row, you can be swallows. Swallows, stand! Right turn! March!" (*claps her hands*) "One, two, three, four" (*she goes to the cupboard and returns with a Recitation book*). "I can see you, Tommy Titmouse! Now children listen to teacher! Eyes on teacher! Mabel Mivens go out and stand beside Joe Jupps." (*Sarcastically*) "No, Stella Potts, teacher is not out of the window." (*Opens the book, adopts the Sarah Bernhardt stance, and proceeds to read as only a girl can who has been reciting Milton's "On His Blindness" once a week to crowded houses for the last two terms. The movement of her jaws and lips would satisfy even the most infatuated phonetician, not a consonant eludes her*).

The swallows come skimming across the wide sea,
They are bringing a message to you and to me,
That the beautiful spring comes tripping along,
All dressed up in green and singing a song.

(She pauses to glare and point at one of the class. The children in front turn round to sniff virtuously at the culprit.)

"Eyes on teacher!"

Then leap up the lambs and out peep the flowers,
And down come a-pattering the Ap(e)ril showers.
The wind makes the trees bow down at Spring's feet,
Till they smell the smell of the violets so sweet.

"Now let me see, I have got the swallows—now, I shall want a nice little girl to be Spring. Bessie Buggins, wouldn't you like to be Spring?"

BESSIE (*enthusiastically*).—"Yes, teacher."

TEACHER—"Very well, you will do. Oh, no you won't, you haven't got a green dress. Maggie Murphy, you be Spring. Now, I want some nice dear little woolly lambs. Here Bobbie, Willie, Rose, and Mary, what have you to do—"The lambs leap up." Yes, leap! No, not yet, till teacher tells you. Now for the flowers. All that row, flowers, stand! Sit down! Now all together, stand! (*Claps.*) "March! One, two, three, What must *you* do? Yes—peep! Not yet Reggie Topp! Then I shall want the wind. A nice big STRONG boy to be the wind—yes, Charlie Tucker, you are sitting up nicely. And all the second row may be trees—come out—quietly! "The wind makes the trees bow down at Spring's feet till they smell the smell of the violets so sweet." Oh, yes! We shall want some violets—dear little shy violets—not you Joe Jupp, you dirty boy. Well, there's just you six left, come out, all of you. Now Hilda, Freddie, and you four, go and lie on the floor at the trees' feet. If you kick Hilda, Freddie, you shan't be a dear little violet."

Now are you all ready? Eyes on teacher! When I count three, you will begin to play. (*Claps.*) One, two, three! Now, where are those tiresome swallows!! What are you thinking about? Skim!! Don't go to sleep, Spring! You are supposed to sing. What a horrible noise! Now lambs, you're not leaping nearly

high enough—Higher! Higher!! Willie Wagtail, if you can't leap higher than that for goodness sake stop leaping, and go and stand in the corner. Cissy Batts, you're a flower, not a lamb."

CISSY.—"Please teacher, mayn't I be a lamb? I wants to leap."

TEACHER (*shaking her*).—"Haven't I told you, you are a flower. How can you play, if you won't play properly? Go and stand in the corner. Dear me! I've forgotten the showers—stop! Two of you swallows, come here and be showers—now patter with your hands—like this—Harder! Harder!! Where is Charlie Tucker? Now Charlie, make the trees bow down. No! don't knock them down." (*Howl from a tree who falls prone on a violet.*) "Don't cry, Hilda; you'll have to go down to the babies if you cry. Anastasia Suggars, I told you to *patter* on Maggie, not to bang her on the head. Now trees, why aren't you smelling the violets? Put down your heads—now, smell! I can't hear you. Frankie, you are not smelling Hilda Higgins." (*Bell rings.*) "Now stop all of you—Here, Peter Jones and Maudie Winterbottom, what are you doing?"

CHILDREN.—"Please teacher, we're lambs leaping."

TEACHER.—"Did I tell you to leap after the bell is gone? Stop in during play. Back to your places!" (*wipes her face*) "Now we've had a lovely game, haven't we? And on your way home you'll all remember to look out for a swallow."

JOE JUPP.—"I seed a swaller on a telegraph wire once."

TEACHER.—"Nonsense, Joe Jupps, you are a dirty little boy, and a rude little boy. Birds live in trees. Now, children next time you see a tree, you look in it for a swallow. Stand, turn, march!" (*Claps the children out.*)

P.S.—The Critics were unanimous:—"Miss Froebel is a very good teacher on the whole. She began her lesson in a very good way. Her discipline was very

good on the whole. On the whole I think she did very well. There were several good points in the lesson. Her questioning was very good on the whole. No, on the whole I don't think I could have done any better myself."

The supervisor was not quite so enthusiastic though more verbose. In fact, we were all late for tea at the Hostel.

"A CHIEL AMANG YE."



SECOND IMPRESSIONS.

Frequently displayed upon the notice-boards are such statements as this: "There will be a General Meeting of all Students at Break to-morrow morning." Wonderful things, these General Meetings; a number of belated individuals, garbed in a certain weird and wonderful attire, the chief virtue of which apparently is that it can be worn in multitudinous ways, and can be used as blotting-paper, as a pen-wiper, and as a cloak for all sins, and which is officially known as "academic costume," one by one drop in as if for a casual chat when it is nearing 11.10 a.m. These casuals thereupon vote on a proposition which is put before the illustrious gathering after due discussion—"discussion" which takes the form either of sarcastic interpolations or of timid queries from those who have screwed up their courage to face the first time of asking. The only thing that then remains is to file out, like the inhabitants of the Ark, two by two, the doors being of a size suited to this mode of egress. However, the meeting has served its purpose—it is 11.20 a.m.

A remarkable feature of the College this term has been the intrusion of various suspicious-looking individuals armed with a fearsome apparatus that struck terror into the souls of most beholders; but apparently there are exceptions, as one bashful, modest man has adorned ten groups already and is still yearning for more worlds to conquer. Nevertheless, their appearance is invariably accompanied by anxious solicitations for the safety of the said fearsome apparatus. However, blessed are the intruders, for they shortened many lectures, and afforded an opportunity for revealing unrecognised acrobatic ability.

For, from the way that the "front door" (verily it was called even by such a name) was scaled it seems that Coll. is likely to provide many candidates for Alpine laurels. Incidentally, it also revealed the fact that a taste for "Jazz" socks has not yet been eliminated.

"Oh! what a handsome man!" "Where?" The lack of a reply perhaps presumes the inference that the handsome man is to be found in the person of the first speaker, too modest to confirm the fact openly. At least, this seems a possible explanation for certain phrases heard many times and oft on a never-to-be-forgotten Friday Afternoon. One event brought the well-known tragedy of Jack and Jill forcibly to mind (with a few slight alterations).

"S. and C.
Went up to the County
To catch a pail of water
Barrow fell down,
Pail caught C.'s crown,
And S. came tumbling after."

A futurist poet might have worthily commemorated the event in some such style as this:—

"College Sports—creak, creak, creak + incline 1 in
 $2 \times$ acceleration 2ft. per sec. per sec., : * splash, splash +
thud : weight 11st. 10lbs. (?) + Wetness."

It being usual in such compositions to give detailed physical measurements of the hero at the end.

PAUL.



HOW TO BEHAVE IN THE COMMON ROOM.

(Earlier in the Session the M.C.R. Committee were compelled—sadly against their wish—to take drastic measures, in the shape of trials and executions, to deal with offenders against M.C.R. etiquette. To prevent a repetition of these shocking occurrences, we have great pleasure in appending a few sound and useful rules for the guidance of all users of the M.C.R.—Ed.)

On entering do not fail to tip up anybody who is sitting in a chair near the door.

Do not fail to tread on somebody's feet. People have been known to enter the C.R. without treading on anybody's toes.

After reading papers do remember to tear them up or roll them up and throw at somebody. This always pleases people who are waiting to read them.

Should you wish to speak to anybody, throw a table or chair at him. This never fails to attract his attention.

Make as much noise as possible ; this delights the lecturer in the room opposite.

Pass pointed and audible remarks about other people or their attire. The College will pay funeral expenses, or stop them out of the Grant.

On leaving upset as much furniture as possible and break a few things. This helps to give people employment.

Do not be in a hurry to leave the C.R. for a lecture. Remember there is another next week.

Should you wish to talk to somebody and do not know him, take his pipe or cigarette and throw it out of the window. You will find he has quite a lot to say to you.

E. A. B.



COLLEGE NEWS.

THE WAR MEMORIAL.

A brief but impressive ceremony took place in College on Sunday, May 15th, at 3 o'clock, when the College War Memorial Tablet was unveiled by Col. the Hon. Sir H. G. L. Crichton, K.C.B., J.P., and dedicated by the Rev. Canon Lovett, Rural Dean.

The Tablet is placed just inside the main entrance, on the left wall. A large white wreath from the present students lay beneath it during the ceremony. As may be imagined by all who are familiar with the building, not many of those present were able to see the actual unveiling. All who spoke, however, were easily audible.

Besides members of the staff and governing body, a number of Old Students and of the general public were

present, and the "choir" of present students under (or quite literally, above) the baton of Prof. Leake, tailed off up the staircase. The hymn "Through the night of doubt and sorrow" was sung, a few commemorative sentences were read, and, on the invitation of the Principal, Col. Crichton performed the unveiling. After a brief silence, Canon Lovett said the dedicatory prayers, and was followed by all present in the Lord's Prayer. Kipling's "Recessional" was then sung, and the formal programme concluded with the Benediction. Col. Crichton briefly expressed his pride in the College, and especially in those whose names were there placed on record, and spoke with admiration of the old Hartley Company in the Hants. Territorials. The gathering then broke up.

The Tablet is a simple and well executed monument in oak, which still awaits the addition of a few names. May it fulfil the purpose expressed in one of the dedicatory prayers: to keep before those "who, from generation to generation, passing through this College," look upon it, "the shining example of those young men who went forth to battle, from no love of strife, but lest great ideals should be blotted out."

R.E.T.



RE-UNION, 1921.

Although the existing travelling difficulties in some degree provide an excuse, we cannot blame them entirely for the social and financial failure of this year's Re-union, when we realise that there were enough past and present students in Southampton alone to have made each function a record in point of numbers.

Of the six hundred past students officially notified two months previously, not more than fifty were present at any one gathering. We would not, for a moment, doubt the merit of the praise which Sir H. Crichton accorded University members of the old Hants Territorials. We only find it difficult to correlate it with the lack of social spirit that so apparently exists at the present time among past and present students.

Let us touch briefly on the individual functions of the Whit-weekend. Who would have thought that catering for so small a number as sixty at a Re-union Smoker savoured of optimism on the part of those who had the arrangements in hand? Yet so (alas!) it proved. We could have doubled

—trebled our numbers, and still the M.C.R. would have yearned for more! May we here, while apologising for the small audience, thank Mr. Dudley, who acted as Chairman with characteristic wittiness, and those other gentlemen who so willingly contributed to the enjoyment of those present?

We trust that the women's reception met with the somewhat better support of the dance that followed.

After such a beginning we were fully prepared for the worst to happen—and we were not disappointed.

The business meeting and tennis that followed on the Saturday were but poorly attended, while we understand that only one Old Student turned up to the cricket match—we thank *her* for her support.

Saturday evening's Soirée acted up well to the precedent set by the opening functions. It is to be hoped that the hundred odd who did attend fully enjoyed their evening.

On Sunday a very impressive ceremony was held, when the Memorial to those students who made the great sacrifice was unveiled by Col. Sir H. Crichton. While regretting their absence from our midst, we shall ever hold them in grateful and loving memory.

The success of the outing to Winchester on Whit Monday was a fitting termination to such a four-days' disappointment. We trust that the twenty-odd students who made the journey felt fully the spirit of re-union, amongst the vast crowd of trippers that visited the old city that day.

In conclusion we would express the hope that those who came enjoyed to the full their valiant attempt to uphold the traditions of Hartley. We wish Re-unions of future years the success for which we longed, but which (alas!) we never realised.

H. C. B-R.



THE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Looking back over the Session, it cannot be said that the Choral Society have done much on the communal side of College life. They assisted in the Orchestral Concert of December last, and later lent a helping hand to the Stage Concert, when "The Rivals" was played so successfully. Beyond this, nothing has been done—and why?

The reason is not far away, and I mean to be pretty candid in stating it. The Stage Concert was well supported by the College. The last concert, however, was very poorly

supported, only 130 tickets being taken. It is clear that this was not representative of the College.

Two appeals were exhibited on the notice-board, asking for vocal help to run a Choral Concert. The results of these two appeals clearly showed that support would be forthcoming from just a handful of willing helpers (our thanks to them) and from no one else. It is impossible to run a concert without support both behind the curtain and *in front*. It should be quite unnecessary to use individual pressure. A College with such numbers as ours should, above all things, pull the one with the other. Until this happens—and it must come if prestige is to be maintained—no Society will be able to do itself justice. R. J. C.



LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debate Banquet.

Early in March, a Feast of the Muses was held at St. Denys Hall. About 200 people were present and partook of a veritable feast for the Gods. (!)

A pleasing modesty was to be observed in some young guests who shewed a marked reluctance to occupy the chief seats.

The first toast, to the King, was proposed by Shakespeare, who spoke mainly in blank verse, and we have it on good authority that the speech was made up entirely of quotations from his own works. Indeed, it is quite possible that many English students would have been able to give one or two contexts.

Lord Byron, with characteristic chivalry, toasted the ladies, and Marie Corelli replied.

Bacon, in the course of his speech on science, gave indications of having been present, presumably in the spirit, at the lecture on Divided Personality, and Mr. H. G. Wells responded in his usual interesting manner.

Then we learnt that one of our most popular lecturers was possessed of a detachable head, & change having been effected with Sir Walter Raleigh who eloquently toasted Commerce. Lady Cornucopia graciously replied.

Some interesting glimpses of life in the lower regions were given in Nero's remarks, and we gathered that even the gloomy shades of Hades are unable to subdue the sport-

ing instinct. In reply to this toast of Sports and Pastimes, Lucrezia Borgia gave illuminating sidelights on the gentle art of poisoning.

With refreshing eloquence, Ella Wheeler Wilcox impressed on our "plastic hearts" how the poetical and commercial spirit may be pleasingly combined, and a learned Doctor replying demonstrated his learning in a manner truly Johnsonian.

King Alfred gave a fine discourse outlining the future of the University of Wessex, and Jane Austen spoke well on the spiritual architecture of our Alma Mater.

In his closing speech, Dr. Hill communicated his enthusiasm to all his hearers.

The music played by the College Orchestra was really appreciated, and Miss Thorne's songs gave great pleasure.

The evening finished up with a little impromptu dance.

Much regret was felt at the absence of some of our Hostel friends owing to 'flu.

I. S.

The Exeter Debate.

Perhaps one of the most pleasant functions in recent activities of the Literary and Debating Society was the meeting with Exeter at the end of February. The two Colleges met at Exeter primarily in debate, but the Southampton Students would hesitate to say that the enjoyment of the meeting was confined to any one part of the proceedings. Unfortunately, owing to a number of circumstances, the College was able to send only a relatively small representation, four persons—two women and two men—being the actual number. In the future, the most friendly relations between the two Colleges having now been re-established, it is hoped that meetings of many of the Societies and Clubs, indoor and outdoor, will be arranged, and that in some way it will be made possible for larger numbers of the visiting College to be present. The chief difficulty experienced is, of course, in the matter of expenses, but it is suggested that the familiarity of that problem should enable us to regard it, if not with contempt, at least as not insoluble.

The subject chosen for the debate was "That the Present Feminist Movement is Detrimental to Social Welfare." This was introduced in the form of a motion by the Government, some half-a-dozen students speaking

in support and a similar number in opposition ; Mr. Williams, President of the Exeter Literary and Debating Society presided over the assembly. The subject-title of the debate would suggest that a discussion of rather unusual interest might ensue, and this was actually the case. Excellent speeches were made on both sides, and if there was an absence of rigidity in any of the arguments put forward, there was compensation in the invariable originality of their presentation, which is perhaps the more essential at a successful college debate. The Government put up a very fine show before a House that was obviously antagonistic : Miss Sears spoke with a conviction indicative of firm belief in a just cause, and Mr. Taylor resourcefully sustained the interest in the discussion towards the end. The Exeter women members in the opposition benches were all very able speakers, and Miss Smyth and Mr. Crampton had the satisfaction of helping them to secure a 65 per cent. division of the House of about 130 members.

The Southampton delegates much appreciated and enjoyed the very hospitable entertainment with dancing, music and games extended to them by the Exeter Staff and Students after the conclusion of the debate, and unanimously endorsed the sentiments of Mr. Williams, when that gentleman during the course of the evening, expressed hope and desire that meetings such as this one might be held not infrequently in the future.

This record would be incomplete without a reference, however inadequate, to the many kindnesses of the ladies and gentlemen whom the Southampton Students met at Exeter, and to Miss Clarke, Warden of the Women's Hostel, Mr. H. A. S. Wortley, Mr. W. Williams, Mr. H. F. Marks, and Students our sincere thanks and remembrances are herein conveyed anew.

C. C.



THE SECOND ANNUAL SPORTS.

May 20th, 1921—brilliant sunshine—a summer temperature—a dry turf on the Hants County Cricket Ground—and the stands comfortably filled. Altogether, a pleasant setting for a Sports Meeting !

Sports Day was undoubtedly a successful function this year. The inter-faculty rivalry was as keen as last year, as was seen by the enthusiasm aroused over events

like the two Relay Races and the Tug-of-War, and individual events were performed with a zest almost as great. The figure of the afternoon was the Victor Ludorum, Mr. H. F. Castle (Commerce), who won four firsts, a second and a fourth—20 points. The colour of the afternoon was the red of the Engineers. They successfully defended their title to the "Sir Beethom Whitehead" Challenge Cup, and carried it off with 64 points—a large majority over all other faculties. They also won from the Arts the "Mathematics" Challenge Cup for the Men's Relay Race and their A team won the Tug-of-War Shield. The Science Women retained the Relay Shield.

The records compare well with last year, but still leave a margin for improvement in future years. The two best were Mr. S. Green's 100 yards in $10\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, and Mr. Castle's 440 yards in 56 seconds. When all ran well, it seems superfluous to mention individuals, but it should be noted that Mr. J. R. Howgego gave Mr. Castle a very good run in the two long distance races.

Before bringing this account to a close I feel it my bounden duty to extend a vote of thanks on behalf of the College to all our patrons who helped us so generously this year, and to Messrs. W. T. Weedy, J. Compton and H. O. Grandison of the H.A.A.C. for the splendid way they officiated, to which a large measure of the success of the Sports was due.

We are also very grateful to Lady Milner White, who very kindly distributed the prizes and trophies at the conclusion.

L. W. G. F.



ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

Since the last report was submitted to the Magazine, the following Papers have been read before the Society:—

February 1st.—"Fuels and their Economic Values," by the President, Professor J. Eustice, B.Sc., A.R.S.M., A.M.Inst.C.E.

February 10th.—"The Design and Manufacture of Railway Springs," by Mr. P. G. Spary, B.Sc., A.M.Inst.E.E.

March 5th.—"The Recovery of Metallic Minerals by Flotation," by Professor S. J. Truscott, A.R.S.M. (Professor of Mining at the Imperial College, South Kensington).

March 16th.—“The Lay-Out and Equipment of Docks,”
by Mr. F. E. Wentworth-Sheilds, M.Inst.C.E.

May 7th.—“Precise Methods of Locating Enemy Artillery.”

(1) “General Organisation in the Field, and Visual Methods,” by Lt.-Col. Winterbotham, D.S.O., R.E.

(2) “Sound Ranging,” by Mr. H. L. P. Jolly. Members of the U.C.S. Engineering Society were invited to attend this lecture, which was delivered before “The Wessex Philosophical and Scientific Society.”

In this brief report we are unable to give detailed accounts of the papers, except to mention that members of the W.P. and S.S. were invited to be present at the meeting on March 5th, when Professor Truscott gave his paper. Professor Truscott was formerly a student at the Hartley College.

The address by the Honorary President, Mr. J. Smith, M.I.N.A., General Director of Messrs. John I. Thornycroft & Co., Ltd., was held on February 22nd at the Avenue Hall. Arrangements had originally been made to hold this meeting at the Highfield Institute, but, owing to the large number of people who desired to attend, it became necessary to obtain a larger hall. About 300 were present. After a short interval for refreshments, a Musical Programme, under the direction of Mr. E. E. Mann, was given; the following contributing:—Miss Joan Hewett, Miss L. Hodder, Mr. F. Goodyear, Mr. F. Beaumont, and the Students' Orchestra.

The following visits have taken place:—

March 5th.—S.S. “Olympic.”

May 4th.—Messrs. Day, Summers & Co., Ltd.

May 12th.—The Southampton Gaslight & Coke Co.

May 23rd.—The Docks, Southampton.

It is hoped to arrange visits at intervals of about eight days, the next place being The Pirelli-General Cable Works, Ltd.

The Roll of the Society stands as follows:—

				Internal.	External.
Members	8	58
Associate Members	63	31
Total	71	89

H. J. G.

E. E. M.

SOIREE COMMITTEE.

Owing to Whitsun, and consequently the "Re-union Soirée," coming so near the beginning of the term, the Soirée Committee considered it inadvisable to arrange for an ordinary Soirée in addition.

During this warm weather, dancing is not so much in favour as it is during the winter months, but we hope that everybody will consider it their duty, and will make every effort to be present at the "Farewell Soirée." We are arranging this so that it will not interfere with "Certif.," "Sessionals," "or any other adversity."

So there's no excuse for not being there! We want to make this year's "Farewell Soirée" live in the memories of those people who are "going down" this term. G. W. B.



TENNIS CLUB.

The tennis season opened this year under auspicious circumstances when for the first time in the annals of history, tennis was played amid the peaceful surroundings of the College grounds, far from "the madding crowds" of the Atherley Ground as hitherto. Thanks to the able supervision of Mr. Mann and the untiring energy and enthusiasm of Mr. Jolly, two courts were ready for use early in the term, and the third has since been undergoing a process of preparation, so that it is hoped that in the near future it will bear slightly less resemblance to the sandy wastes of Africa.

Several fixtures have been arranged for matches to be played against other clubs during the term. Matches have already been played against the Staff, against the Juniors, against Eastleigh Lawn Tennis Club, and against Freemantle, and in each case the College has succeeded in bearing away the palms of victory. Other matches have been arranged against Winchester Training College, Banister Court, Winchester Wolsey Lawn Tennis Club, and Bitterne Park. It is hoped that the results will be equally encouraging here.

Arrangements are also being made for a tournament among the various members of the Club (numbering 92 at the present moment), and consequently a very busy and pleasant season is anticipated. A. E. G.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The operations of this Society have been carried on this term by visiting Messrs. Spooner & Bailey's works at Eling, and by continuing the little papers given to each other by the final Chemistry Students.

It is hoped to arrange one or two more visits to works in the neighbourhood before going down, while papers for the last hour on Friday morning are ready until the end of the term.

G. J. C. V.



MEN'S HOSTEL.

Since our last report appeared we have been compelled, reluctantly, to change our name from "Men's Hostel" to "Residential Club," the change to take effect, presumably, next October. This change is necessary in order to avoid possible confusion with the new official hostel for men to be established at S. Stoneham House next Session.

We acknowledge with gratitude a gift of £50 from the President of the College, Mr. C. Montefiore. The money has been spent in improving the general æsthetics of the Dining and Smoking Rooms.

As a result of the recent Annual Sports the Hostel now appears to be flooded with alarm clocks. It is very trying to be rudely awakened at 8.55 every morning by the inharmonious jangle.

The Hostel is still a going concern, and despite the loss of some dozen members this summer we hope to be up to strength again next October. We would point out that the Hostel offers unrivalled opportunities to those with a genius for self-government, and we cordially invite applications for membership.

D. E. C.



"THE GOOD-NATURED MAN."

Literature and the drama have, or should have, an equal appeal to all sections of a student community, for these are among the few universal things of human life. All faculties, therefore, join together in congratulating the Dramatic Society on their production of one of Goldsmith's plays, which took place in St. Denys Hall on April 27th.

The cast, all of whom are too well-known to need individual mention here, was a very interesting one. It was pleasurable to witness such a number of scientists among those taking a delight in artistic pursuits. It would

be invidious to single out any of the individual actors or actresses for special praise; but if a good laugh is a tonic—and surely it is to hard-worked students—then "Croaker" was indeed beneficent. Another gentleman is to be congratulated on his versatility; while a certain fair member of the cast astonished us in a mightily pleasing manner by her sudden transformation from a not unbewitching handmaid to a not prepossessing landlady.

The play was good—it expanded our lungs, it rid our brains of certain toxins, it provided us with mental nourishment of not too heavy a consistency. And we do not think that the actors can complain of the enthusiastic, not to say ribald, risible expressions of the audience. We may, perhaps, be pardoned for a reference to one exquisite feature of the evening—the delightfully unpremeditated apparition of a gentleman, well liked by all, engaged (as he thought) in lowering the curtain. C. F. D.



THE CRICKET CLUB.

The season opened with a Senior v. Junior match on the County Ground. Unfortunately rain interrupted play, and the game was abandoned. The team includes the majority of last year's "caps," reinforced by several enthusiastic "Freshers," amongst whom must be mentioned Mr. M. J. Arnold, a stylish bat.

The team is once again captained by Mr. Kitcatt, with Mr. Mellish as Vice. Mr. Kitcatt, our most reliable bat, is scoring freely in every match; his highest score being 54 against Law C.C. He was also the first batsman to reach his half-century this year. Mr. A. S. Darlow, an old "cap," is showing consistent form as a batsman, playing a sparkling innings of 41 (completed in 2 minutes), against Lymington, on Saturday, May 28th. Mr. Mellish, also an old "cap," has played well, his 55 not out against the Post Office was a fine effort. Mr. Davis, Mr. Sinclair, and the brothers Tully are also batting well this year.

Amongst the bowlers Messrs. Stone, Kitcatt, Mellish and Prevett are deserving of mention, Mr. Stone's performance against Woolston being particularly good.

To date, 8 matches have been played: 3 being won, 3 drawn, and 2 lost. A team of 13 Engineers defeated a picked 12 from the rest of the College. The match proved very interesting, the Engineers being successful by the narrow margin of one wicket.

W. J. K.

WISEMAN'S LTD.,

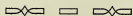
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